

# BEND FIREMEN ARE ORGANIZED

T. H. FOLEY IS CHOSEN PRESIDENT.

By-Laws Patterned After Those in Use by Corvallis Department—  
Twenty-two Charter Members Listed.

(From Tuesday's Daily)  
Organization was effected and by-laws adopted by the Bend volunteer fire department, meeting last night in the city rest rooms. The department approved the selection of Tom Carlson as fire chief and of Fred Ellenburg as assistant chief, and proceeded to the election of T. H. Foley as president. Other officers named are: W. H. Hudson, vice president; George Stokoe, secretary, and W. McConnell, treasurer. The executive committee is composed of Tom Carlson, Fred Ellenburg, T. H. Foley, W. H. Hudson and George Stokoe. Another meeting was authorized for 7:30 o'clock next Monday evening.

By-laws adopted are modeled after those in use by Corvallis, generally recognized as having the crack volunteer department of the state. A blue uniform was authorized for members of the force.

Charter members, in addition to those already named, as officers are W. R. Riley, H. W. Hunt, Cecil G. Sumner, C. H. Young, George T. Sellars, Charles W. Saylor, Clay Miller, Albert Leistikoe, S. R. Selms, Speck Young, Robert Clark, Irvin Howell, Charles Dickson, D. T. Gillson, Harry Scholts and A. B. Estebenet.

## TINY TREE PRODUCES FULL SIZED ORANGE

Golden Fruit Raised in Cozy Hotel—  
Six-Year-Old Lemon Tree Also Covered with Blossoms.

(From Tuesday's Daily.)  
A tiny orange tree, literally covered with blossoms and bearing a mature fruit fully two and one-half inches in diameter, with a number of green oranges, is a novelty in fruit trees for this climate raised by Mrs. Stevenson, proprietor of the Cozy hotel. The tree has been in her possession in Bend for the past six years, and bloomed this year for the first time. Mrs. Stevenson accounts for the large size of the orange by the fact that all other fruit on the tree has been removed before it attained any size.

A lemon tree, also six years old, is blooming for the first time at the hotel, but has no fruit as yet.

## STRIKING PHOTOGRAPH OF MOUNTAINS MADE

(From Saturday's Daily.)  
In connection with a plan to obtain good photographs of the leading scenic features of this section, Myron H. Symons has just finished a striking photograph of the Three Sisters taken from a point near the Tumalo project. The three peaks stand out clearly against the sky background with enough of the foreground in view to show the heavily wooded character of the country leading to the mountains. Another picture for the series recently completed by Mr. Symons is of Tumalo falls.

## FOUR GIRL BABIES BEND'S VALENTINES

(From Saturday's Daily.)  
Four valentines in the shape of brand new girl babies, varying in weight from five to 10 pounds, arrived at four Bend homes yesterday. Mr. and Mrs. William Robinson of Kenwood, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Winters of Park addition, Mr. and Mrs. Halley Kutch of Park addition and Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Rhodes of Lytle are the parents.

# Gunner Depew

By Albert N. Depew

Ex-Gunner and Chief Petty Officer, U. S. Navy—Member of the Foreign Legion of France—Captain Gun Turret, French Battleship Casard—Winner of the Croix de Guerre

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I left the wheel and ran to the end of the bridge, to jump overboard. But the minute I let go of the wheel the vessel fell off of the course, and they noticed it, and Badewitz sent five of them up on the bridge and three others to the side with their revolvers to shoot me if I should reach the water. I think if I had had any rope to lash the wheel with I could have got away and they would not have known it.

When the five sailors reached the bridge one of them jumped for the cord and gave our siren five long blasts in answer to the tug. The tug was about to launch a torpedo, and we whistled just in time. One of our men was looking from the fiddle, and he saw the Huns making for the lifeboats, so he got two or three others and they all yelled together, "Don't let them get away!" thinking that they would get the boat over and leave the ship, and trying to yell loud enough for the tug to hear them. Badewitz took this man and two or three others, whether they were the ones who yelled or not, and beat them up and put them in irons. I thought there was going to be a mutiny aboard, but it did not come off, and I am not sure what the Huns were so excited about.

The other four sailors who came up on the bridge did not touch me, but just kept me covered with their revolvers. That was the way with them—they would not touch us unless Badewitz was there or they had bayonets. The old bull himself came up on the bridge after he had beaten up a few men, threw me around quite a bit and kicked me down from the bridge and slammed me into the coal bunkers. I felt pretty sore, as you can imagine, and disappointed and pretty low generally.

After a while we heard the anchor chains rattling through on their way to get wet, and we pulled up. Then every German ship in the Baltic came up to look us over, I guess. They opened up the hatch covers, and the Hun garbles and gold-stripes came aboard and looked down at us, and spit all they could on us, and called us all the different kinds of swine in creation. They had them lined up and filing past the hatchways—all of them giving us the once over in turn. Maybe they sold tickets for this show—it would be like the Huns.

At first we were milling around trying to get out from under the hatch openings and the shower of spit, but some Limey officer sang out, "Brits! Don't give way!" and we stood still and let them spit their damned German lungs out before we would move for them, and some Cornishmen began singing their song about Treason. So we made out that we did not know such a thing as a German ever lived.

We got better acquainted with German spitting later on, and believe me, they are great little spitters, not much on distance or accuracy, but quick in action and well supplied with ammunition. Spitting on prisoners is the favorite indoor and outdoor sport for Germans, men and women alike.

When the show was over, they roused us up on deck and put us to work throwing the salt pork and canned goods into two German mine-layers. While we were at it, a Danish patrol boat came out and tied alongside us, and some of her officers came aboard and saw us. They knew we were prisoners-of-war, and they knew that a vessel carrying prisoners-of-war must not remain in neutral waters for over twenty-four hours, but they did not say anything about it.

That night two men named Barney Hill and Joyce, the latter a gunner from the Mount Temple, sneaked up on deck and aft to the poop deck. There was a pair of wooden stairs leading to the top of the poop deck, and Joyce and Hill lifted it and got

it over the side with a rope to it. The two of them got down into the water all right, but Joyce let out a yell because the water was so cold, and a German patrol boat heard him and flashed a searchlight. They picked up Joyce right away, but Barney was making good headway and was almost free when they dragged him in. They beat them up on the patrol boat, and when they put them back on the Yarrowdale Badewitz beat them up some more and put them in irons. Then he began to shoot at their feet with his revolver, and he had a sailor stand by to hand him another revolver when the first one was empty. Then he would gash their faces with the barrel of the revolver and shout, "I'm Badewitz. I'm the man who fooled the English," and shoot at them some more.

All the while the sailors were celebrating, drinking and eating, and yelling, as usual, and the whistles on all the German ships were blowing, and they were having a great fest. After about thirty hours we left, being escorted by a mine-layer and a mine-sweeper. I asked a German garby if that was the whole German navy, and he looked surprised and did not know I was kidding him, and said no. Then I said, "So the English got all the rest, did they?" and he handed me one in the mouth with his bayonet hilt, so I quit kidding him.

We saw rows and rows of mines, and the German sailors pointed out what they said were H. M. SS. Lion and Nomad, but I do not know whether they were the same ones that were in the Jutland battle or not. Finally we landed at Swinemunde just as the bells were ringing the old year out and the new year in. We were a fine bunch of blackbirds to hand the kaiser for a New Year's present, believe me.

They mustered us up on deck, and each of us got a cup of water for our



A Cup of Water for Our New Year's Dinner.

New Year's spree. Then we saw we were in for it, and all hope gone, but we were glad to be released from our hole, because we had been prisoners since December 10—three days on the Moewe and eighteen on the Yarrowdale—and the coal was not any softer than when we first sat on it.

So we began singing, "Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag and smile, boys, smile. What's the use of worrying? It's never worth while," and so forth. They made us shut up, but not before we asked ourselves if we were downhearted, and every body yelled "No!"

And that is how we gave our regards to Swinemunde.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

#### "Pack Up Your Troubles."

We arrived at Swinemunde, on the east bank, and after we had had our drink of water and had been roused back into the bunkers, Badewitz went across to the west side in a launch with Joyce and Hill and a guard of sailors. They were to be shot the next morning, with some others, at a public shooting-fest. The rest of us wrapped ourselves in lumps of coal as best we could and tried to sleep.

In the morning crowds of Germans came aboard us and were turned loose on the boxes in the hold. It was a sight to see them rip off the covers and gobble the salami and other stuff that we carried. Table manners are not needed when there is no table, I guess, but if you had seen them, you would say these Germans did not even have trough manners. I have seen hogs that were more finicky.

While they were at it, hand to hand with the chow, giving and receiving

terrible punishment, we prisoners were mustered on deck, counted, kicked onto tugs and transferred to the west bank, where the mob was waiting for us. My wounds, as you can imagine, were in a pretty bad state by this time, and were getting more painful every minute, so that I found I was getting ugly and anxious for an argument. I knew that if I stayed this way I would probably never come out alive, for there is every chance you could want to pick a quarrel while you are a prisoner that will mean freedom for you—but only the freedom of going west, which I was not anxious to try.

When we got near the west bank, on the tugs, we could see that we were up against a battle with our arms tied. Over half the crowd was women and children, I should say, and the rest were laborers and old civvies, and reserve soldiers, and roughnecks generally. We could see the spit experts—the spit snipers, deployed to the front, almost.

As we went ashore, the bombardment began, and we were not only under fire of spit, if you could call it that, but also of rocks and bottles and sticks and most anything that could be thrown.

All this time, "lest you forget," we had no shoes, and no clothing—only what had once been our underwear. It is all right to be a Coney Island snowbird and pose around in your bathing suit in the drifts, because you are in good condition, and last but not least, because you do not have to do it. Figure out the other side of it for yourself.

They marched us into a field where there was nothing much but guns and ammunition and snow, and set us up in something like skirmish formation. We stood there for some time, and then we saw a lot of Huns with the new long rifles coming toward us, yelling just as they did in battle, and we thought sure we were being used for practice targets. It is a good thing they halted and stopped yelling when they did, or we would have started for them to fight it out, for we were not the kind that likes to be butchered with hands in the air, and we would have been glad for a chance to get a few of them before they got us. But they did halt, and then surrounded us, and drilled us away through swamps and woods and shallow water or slash. The women followed, too, and there were plenty of bricks and spit left. Women as well as men are the same world over, they say. I wonder? You can just picture the women of, say, Rockland, Me., following a crowd of German prisoners that way, can't you? Not! But of course the women of Rockland are pretty crude—no kultur at all—and Gott never commissioned President Wilson to take the lid off the strafe pot for him.

They drilled us along the docks, and it looked as though the whole German navy was tied up at Swinemunde. We saw many of the ships we had heard about, among them being the famous Vulcan, the mother-ship for submarines. There were many sailors loafing along the docks, and they gave the women a hand with their days' work. They were no better with a brick, but they had more ammunition when it came to spitting. One of them tripped a young boy by the name of Kelly, and as you would never doubt, Kelly picked up a rock and crashed the sailor with it. He was then bayoneted twice in the left leg. We began singing then, our popular favorite, "Pack up your troubles," etc., and when they heard us, how the swine stared!

Then they drilled us past the German soldiers' quarters. The men were at rifle practice, and I guess all of us thought how handy we would be as targets. But when we got near them, they quit practicing and crowded around us yelling: "Raus! Zuruck!"

Finally we got to the top of the hill, and were halted near the barracks while an officer read the martial law of Germany to us. At least we thought maybe that was it.

Finally they let us into the barracks, and the first thing we saw was a great pile of hay. That looked good to us, and we made a rush and dove into it. But the Huns told us to take the hay and throw it in the middle of the road. They had to use force before we would do it. Finally we gave in, however, and started to carry it out. Some of the young boys were crying, and I do not blame them much.

But one of the boys tried to hide some of the hay behind a box and was caught doing it, and two sentries clouted him from one end of the barracks to the other. His nose was broken and his face mashed to a jelly. But there was nothing we could do, so we just wandered up and down the barracks, about as we did between decks on the Moewe, trying to keep warm.

While this marathon was on we heard a whistle blown very loudly, and when we looked out we saw a wagon piled up with old tin cans. Then we were told to form single file, walk out to the wagon and each get a can for himself. Each man had to take the first can he laid his hands on, and many of us got rusty ones with holes in them. So that about half an hour later, when we received barley coffee, and all we had to drink it from was the cans, lots of the men had to drink theirs almost in one gulp or lose half of it.

The barracks were very dirty and smelled horribly, and the men were still not even half clothed. We all looked filthy and smelled that way, and where the coal dust had rubbed off, we were very pale. And all of us were starved looking.

About eleven o'clock that morning

the whistle blew again, and we came out and were given an aluminum spoon and a dish apiece. Then we cheered up and saw corned beef and cabbage for ourselves. An hour later they drilled us through the snow to the kuche. When we got there we stood in line until at least half-past twelve, and then the Germans shouted: "Nichts zu essen." But we did not know what that meant, so we just hung around there and waited. Then they started shouting, "Zuruck! Zuruck!" and drove us back to the barracks.

Later we heard the words "nichts zu essen" so often that we thought probably they meant "no cats." We had our reasons for thinking so, too. Those words, and "zuruck" and "raus," were practically all we did hear, except, of course, various kinds of schweinhunde.

(To Be Continued.)

## CHURCH KEEPS ANNIVERSARY

DISTRICT MEETING TO BEGIN HERE THURSDAY EVENING IN CHARGE OF THE METHODISTS OF BEND.

(From Thursday's Daily.)  
A big district centenary meeting will be held at the Methodist church beginning Thursday evening of this week and will continue over Friday and Friday evening. The ladies will serve a dinner to the guests and members Friday noon.

Dr. Mark Freeman of New York City, Dr. W. C. Waaser of Portland and Rev. H. E. Pemberton of The Dalles will be among the principal speakers, while the pastors and representatives of the church at Prineville, Redmond, Madras and Bend will be on the program as well.

A large attendance is expected. The people of Bend are invited to attend this meeting, says the pastor of the local church, and in fact are urged to come. The centenary movement is in honor of the completion of the first hundred years of Methodist missions. The plan is to raise in five years among people called Methodists \$50,000,000 for the extension of the missionary movement. The Sunday schools are expected to raise one-eighth of this. Already the Bend Sunday school has equalled and gone over its monthly quota.

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## ARTILLERY OFFICER TELLS OF WALKOUT

(From Monday's Daily.)  
After serving as a special deputy during the general strike in Seattle, Lieutenant Ralph S. Allen, of the artillery, recently released from the service at Camp Lewis, arrived in Bend last night to accept a position in the shipping department of the Brooks-Scanlon Lumber Co. Mrs. Allen accompanied him.

Lieutenant Allen stated that no difficulty whatever was encountered while the strike was in progress, the presence of many soldiers from nearby camps acting as a check on any possible violence.

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